

Jura Riggend

Dainty smell of peat crosses dirt and
tiny asphalt while a mini
Jura bottle hides in Mackage jacket, now
with fringe rip from falling in rocks when
thinking about stuff seen in Derby on overcast
morns and cold wind walks and
yes, Scotch is 12-aged in hand, sadly only a shot in
the bottle but more will come in fading hours
from a cabin stuck in hills near ice,
clouds coming over and isolated, road with no sign and
thank God for seamless tech via GPS or else it's all chasing
memory that's 12 years as well, too long
from crawling about old lovely and weathered Riggend in
almost a dream with its faraway light and sod with
guaranteed mystery in a few of the houses which
keep themselves unknown, royals and maybe good fruit or
meat so well-endowed you'd think the place
came from books of history
where recipes antique hid happy for a centuries
in a library.

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Note: Written for actor/artist Xander Berkeley.